

Good Morning 647

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Ring God-Fathers Smiled on Schoolboy Johnny

HOW often have we all heard the well-worn remark: "Champions are born, not made"? Probably more often than any of us can remember. Of course, they have to be born in any event, and whether they can become champions or remain mediocre mugs depends upon many sets of circumstances.

In boxing, it depends almost entirely on the individual. You can provide the best tuition possible and build a youngster into a veritable tower of physical strength, but unless he has that indefinable something which the others do not possess, he will not make a champion.

I am reminded of this by the untimely death recently of Johnny Sullivan. He died by gas poisoning at the age of 37, and when the news of his death was made known, his name did not convey much to the vast majority of people. To me, it brought back memories of the time when a few of us tried the experiment of building a young boxer into a champion.

It was just after the last war, when, as now, there was a dearth of real talent in British boxing. There were quite a number of good, ordinary performers, but few, if any, brilliant youngsters. The old-timers, well past their prime, were coming back and reaping a harvest; even those who had retired many years previously.

All the same, we did not see one as old as Nel Tarleton, which serves to emphasise the poverty of present-day professional boxing; but that is by the way.

The small bunch of enthusiasts who used to meet either at the National Sporting Club or at a promoter's office would discuss ways and means of making the game more attractive to the right kind of youngsters in order to regain our rightful place on the boxing map of the world. Then, be sure that someone would deliver himself of that not very original remark: "Champions are born, not made."

"Well, why not try to make one?" suggested the promoter. "Get a kid of the right breed, teach him along the right lines, and if he is young enough he will learn quickly; give him every encouragement and see what happens."

"The big money is in the heavy-weight line, so you will need a youngster that shows every promise of growing up to be a fair-sized heavy-weight."

"What about my young nephew?" asked Billy Doherty.

"He's bred right, and he comes from a boxing family. As soon as he could toddle he used to play at boxing. Brother Johnny, who was then making a name for himself in the ring, used to go on his knees to spar with the kid. As a result, the boy grew up with the idea of becoming a boxer."

"Is he likely to grow into a big fellow whilst he was boxing, although after he had retired he put on weight rapidly and eventually became a heavy-weight, so that part of the prediction was borne out."

It was generally agreed that the real boxing ability was not lacking in Sullivan, but there was something missing. He was game to a degree, and had his full measure of strength and stamina. He won many good contests, but still failed to set the Thames on fire.

Then it was suggested that what he really needed was someone who could impart some real dash into him. Francois Descamps, the man who had made Carpentier into a world-famous champion, agreed to take Sullivan in hand. In due course Sullivan went to France and joined the Carpentier camp, but he did not stay long. He soon became homesick, and his longing for home was accentuated by his inability to speak French; so home he came, having learned little or nothing as a result of his sojourn in France.

It was thought that a trip to America might be beneficial, as there would not be the language difficulty here, and the food would not be so greatly different. Sullivan went to America and had the seemingly good fortune to be taken under Jack Dempsey's wing. Many a youngster would have given all he possessed for such an opportunity as this.

Sullivan, however, was not exactly fortunate in the period chosen for his entry into the Dempsey camp. It was at the time when Dempsey had parted company with his manager, Jack Kearns. There was open warfare between the two, and Kearns, having guided Dempsey from the novice stage right up to the world's champion-

ship, knew the champion probably as well as he knew himself.

He was now the avowed enemy where he had been guide, philosopher and friend, and he used all his powers, which were by no means to be despised, to upset his former protegee.

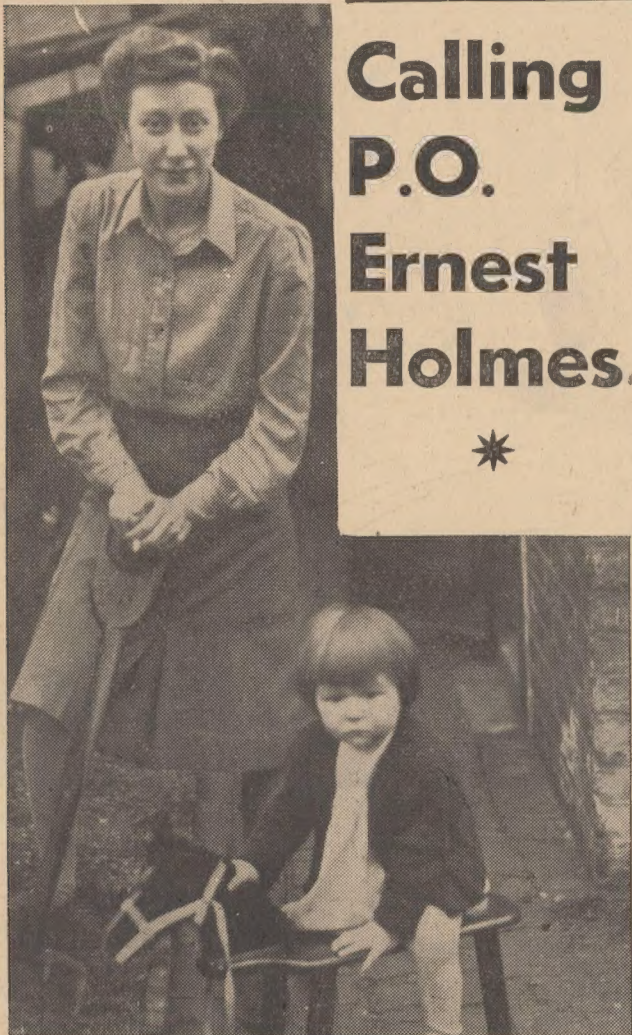
Kearns could claim to be first-class in many things, and in his quarrel with Jack Dempsey, he revealed himself a master of what is now known as psychological warfare. Whilst Dempsey was training for his contest with Gene Tunney (or perhaps I should say, trying to train) not a day passed without some subtle move on the part of Kearns.

Writs would arrive with the regularity of the milk delivery, and poor Dempsey would be unable to concentrate on the work in hand. Kearns worked up his campaign to such effect that Dempsey actually jumped out of a window at his training camp to escape the law officers who were to interrogate him on some point or other.

This is not intended to deal with the story of Dempsey and Kearns, but is mentioned merely to illustrate the scene

'Are champions born and not made?' is an old question, but here is a new experiment to find a practical answer related by W. H. MILLIER

Calling P.O. Ernest Holmes



LITTLE Christine Holmes is with her mother along the front.

She loves anything on wheels. She would much rather have her horse than all the dolls in the world.

When her mother decided to tidy up the garden a bit for the spring, Christine was quite happy to sit on her steed and watch.

And so we are able to give Petty Officer Ernest Edward Holmes a glimpse of what is going on at his home at 62, Cumberland Road, Southsea.

Mrs. Holmes ("Micky") intends to grow another crop of beans, tomatoes, and shallots this year. It all helps towards the war effort, besides providing a few extras for the home.

Christine is now getting very good company. She begins to chatter away and enjoys a walk

"Gus," the black Persian aristocrat of the household—sorry we couldn't get him in the picture—doesn't quite know what to make of Christine at times, but he submits to her attentions with a good grace!

Sometimes, however, the little lady becomes an embarrassment, and "Gus" then stalks disdainfully away!

Glad to tell you, Ted, that your wife is getting your mail regularly and looks forward to your letters. Hers should tell you how much you are in the thoughts of those at home.

And Christine has really fallen for you in a big way. She gurgles with delight at your photo.

Your Mother brought her in, still struggling and shouting at the top of her voice. Then your Mother mentioned your name, and Hey Presto, all was quiet!

Jean sat for a moment, obviously thinking about you, and then insisted on showing us your hens. At long last we got Jean's photo, but, of course, "Tom's duddy birds."

Betty, your wife, is still working hard at the battery factory. She sends her love and says she is always thinking about you.

Sister Annie is still going strong with Maurice, who, by the way, recently joined the Army. Annie volunteered for the Wrens, but could not get her release from work. She says she is looking forward

Farmyard News for Stoker Royds

DON'T worry about your hens, stoker Tommy Royds of 7, Hanover Street North, Audenshaw, Manchester, your three-years-old sister is looking after them for you.

When we arrived at your home Jean was indulging in a fierce "to the death" struggle with the little boy from down the street, apparently trying to decide the rightful owner of the old broken barrow they had both been playing with.



to the day you can take her dancing at the Liberal Club again. She also wants to remind you about the hand-bag you promised her.

Norman recently celebrated his 21st birthday at home. Ronnie was home too, and they both agreed that they only needed you home to complete the old gang. All the family wish you, and the rest of the crew, the very best of luck. Good sailing, Matelot...

USELESS EUSTACE



"Wot! No serviette?"

into which young Johnny Sullivan had been pitchforked with the sole idea of advancing his fistic education.

Imagine what effect this must have had on the mind of an impressionable youngster. To him, Dempsey was the ideal hero. He had conquered the world with his two fists and his stout heart. Yet when Sullivan at last comes in contact with this great champion he finds him reduced to a limp rag by the machinations of his former manager.

When he returned home Sullivan told me: "Dempsey lost his title to Tunney, but it wasn't Tunney who beat him; it was Jack Kearns."

Sullivan told me of his experiences, which were not the sort to assist him in the advancement of his career. On the contrary, it is my belief that his visit to America indirectly so sickened him of the ring that his ambition was allowed to peter out, and that is just what might be expected in the circumstances.

(To be concluded.)

Throw bricks at us if you like (the Editor is building a house, anyway) but for goodness sake WRITE!

Address: "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

The Widow and the Land Sharks

Continuing O. HENRY'S Story—
GEORGIA'S RULING

ONE sweltering day in July the Commissioner called for the papers in connection with this new location. They were brought and heaped a food deep upon his desk—field notes, statements, sketches, affidavits, connecting lines, documents of every description that shrewdness and money could call to the aid of Hamlin and Avery.

The firm was pressing the Commissioner to issue a patent upon their location. They possessed inside information concerning a new railroad that would probably pass somewhere near this land.

The General Land Office was very still while the Commissioner was delving into the heart of the mass of evidence. The pigeons could be heard on the roof of the old, castle-like building, cooing and fretting. The clerks were droning everywhere, scarcely pretending to earn their salaries. Each little sound echoed hollow and loud from the bare, stone-flagged floors, the plastered walls, and the iron-jointed ceiling. The impalpable, perpetual limestone

dust, that never settled, whitened a long streamer of sunlight that pierced the tattered window-awning.

It seemed that Hamlin and Avery had builded well. The Denny survey was carelessly made, even for a careless period. Its beginning corner was identical with that of a well-defined old Spanish grant, but its other calls were sinfully vague. The field notes contained no other object that survived—no tree, no natural object save Chiquito River, and it was a mile wrong there. According to precedent, the Office would be justified in giving it its complement by course and distance, and considering the remainder vacant instead of a mere excess.

The Actual Settler was besieging the office with wild protests in *re*. Having the nose of a pointer and the eye of a hawk for the land-shark, he had observed his myrmidons running the lines upon his ground. Making inquiries, he learned that the spoiler had attacked his home, and he left the plough in the furrow and

took his pen in hand.

One of the protests the Commissioner read twice. It was from a woman, a widow, the granddaughter of Elias Denny himself. She told how her grandfather had sold most of the survey years before at a trivial price—land that was now a principality in extent and value. Her mother had also sold a part, and she herself had succeeded to this western portion, along Chiquito River. Much of it she had been forced to part with in order to live, and now she owned only about three hundred acres, on which she had her home. Her letter wound up rather pathetically:

"I've got eight children, the oldest fifteen years. I work all day and half the night to till what little land I can and keep us in clothes and books. I teach my children, too. My neighbours is all poor and has big families. The drought kills the crops every two or three years and then we has hard times to get enough to eat. There is ten families on this land what the land-sharks is trying to rob us of and all of them got titles from me. I sold to them cheap, and they ain't paid out yet, but part of them is, and if their land should be took from them I would die. My grandfather was an honest man, and he helped to build up this state, and he taught his children to be honest, and how could I make it up

to them who bought from me? Mr. Commissioner, if you let them landsharks take the roof from over my children and the little from them as they has to live on, whoever again calls this state great or its government just will have a lie in their mouths."

The Commissioner laid this letter aside with a sigh. Many, many such letters he had received. He had never been hurt by them, nor had he ever felt that they appealed to him personally. He was but the state's servant, and must follow its laws. And yet, somehow, this reflection did not always eliminate a certain responsible feeling that hung upon him. Of all the state's officers he was supremest in his department, not even excepting the Governor. Broad, general land laws he followed, it was true, but he had a wide latitude in particular ramifications. Rather than law, what he followed was Rulings: Office Rulings and precedents.

In the complicated and new questions that were being engendered by the state's development the Commissioner's ruling was rarely appealed from. Even the courts sustained it when its equity was apparent. The Commissioner stepped to the door and spoke to a clerk in the other room—spoke as he always did, as if he were addressing a prince of the blood:

"Mr. Weldon, will you be kind enough to ask Mr. Ashe,

the state school-land appraiser, to please come to my office as soon as convenient?"

As he came quickly from the (Continued on Page 3)



QUIZ for today

1. A samlet is a young salmon, kind of omelette, boring tool, dog-cart, Siberian hut?
2. Who was known as the Protector?
3. The people of what country are called "Moonrakers"?
4. What is the difference between (a) morai, (b) morel?

5. What is Ivor Novello's age?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Elephant, Pachyderm, Proboscidian, Dinosaur.

Answers to Quiz in No. 646

1. Russian measure.
2. Sun.
3. Ferny-huff, Green-halsh.
4. Dorset.
5. Berzelius, about 1800.
6. Alphonso does not mean wolf; all others do.

"What is an Oscar Worth?" Asks Dick Gordon

WELL, who would have thought it? The Academy Award, once the symbol of the finest acting in filmdom, has gone to none other than our old friend Bing Crosby for his performance as the young priest, Father "Chuck" O'Malley, in Paramount's record-breaking "Going My Way." While Bing's was a very sincere and true-to-life characterization, he would be the last person to claim any greatness in his acting. As long as he can warble as he does, he has no need to act.

The fact that the easy-going, sports-loving padre of "Going My Way" was so much like the off-screen Bing probably accounted for the crooner's natural performance, but I expect Crosby is still laughing at the award.

"Going My Way" must have been "plugged" pretty effectively by Paramount, for besides Bing's statue, a further award goes to Barry Fitzgerald for his performance in the same film as the best supporting actor of the year.

Ingrid Bergman was adjudged tops amongst the actresses for her study of the terrorised wife of Charles Boyer in "The Murder in Thornton Square," the Hollywood re-make of the British thriller, "Gaslight." The best supporting actress was Ethel Barrymore, who returned to the screen in "None But the Lonely Heart," and a special award went to the delightful little Margaret O'Brien as the outstanding child actress.

Alex Cracks

A man entered a provincial restaurant and ordered a portion of chicken. A little while after it had been placed before him he called the waiter to his table.

"What kind of chicken is this?" he asked. "That's the best spring chicken, sir," replied the waiter.

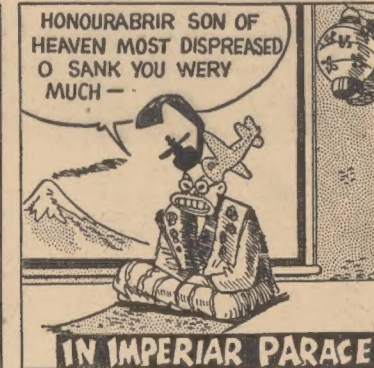
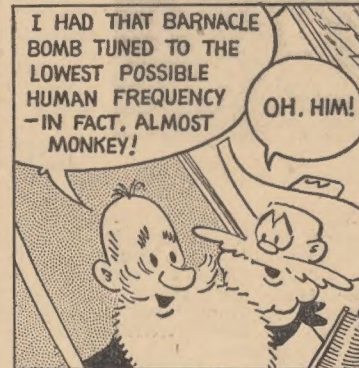
"Ah, I thought as much," replied the diner, holding his aching jaws. "I've been chewing one of the springs for the last few minutes."

Dubious Person: "I've been getting threatening letters through the post. Isn't there a law against that?"

Post Office Official: "Of course there is. It's a very serious offence to send threatening letters. Have you any idea who's doing it?"

Dubious Person: "Sure. The Woofus Furniture Company."

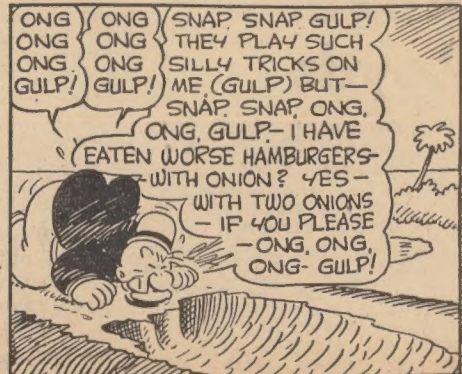
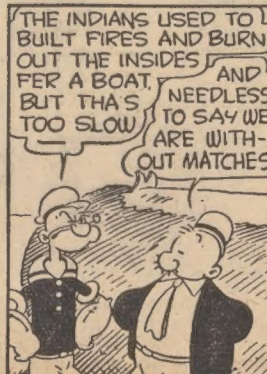
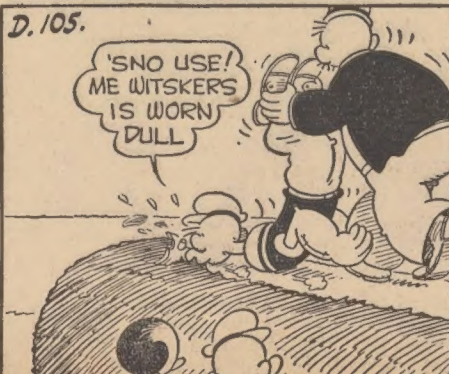
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words No. 586

1. Behead a vessel and get a grain.
2. In the following proverb, both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? **Lal drowl a steak sors of ti kame.**
3. What girl's name has V for its exact middle?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: **He threw a — at the speaker, and knocked his — out of his hand.**

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 585

1. T-rain.
2. Every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost.
3. Constance.
4. Mope, poem.

JANE

GEORGIA'S RULING

(Continued from Page 2)

big table where he was arranging his reports.

"Mr. Ashe," said the Commissioner, "you worked along the Chiquito River, in Salado County, during your last trip. I believe. Do you remember anything of the Elias Denny three-league survey?"

"Yes, sir, I do," the blunt, breezy surveyor answered. "I crossed it on my way to Block H, on the north side of it. The road runs with the Chiquito River, along the valley. The Denny survey fronts three miles on the Chiquito."

"It is claimed," continued the Commissioner, "that it fails to reach the river by as much as a mile."

The appraiser shrugged his shoulder. He was by birth and instinct an Actual Settler, and the natural foe of the land-shark.

"It has always been considered to extend to the river,"

he said dryly.

"But that is not the point I desired to discuss," said the Commissioner. "What kind of country is this valley portion of (let us say, then) the Denny tract?"

The spirit of the Actual Settler beamed in Ashe's face.

"Beautiful," he said, with enthusiasm. "Valley as level as this floor, with just a little swell on, like the sea, and rich as cream. Just enough brakes to shelter the cattle in winter. Black loamy soil for six feet, and then clay. Holds water. A dozen nice little houses on it, with windmills and gardens. People pretty poor, I guess—too far from market—but comfortable. Never saw so many kids in my life."

"They raise flocks?" inquired the Commissioner.

"Ho, ho! I mean two-legged kids," laughed the surveyor; "two-legged, and bare-legged, and tow-headed."

"Children! oh, children!" mused the Commissioner, as though a new view had opened to him; "they raise children!"

"It's a lonesome country, Commissioner," said the surveyor. "Can you blame 'em?"

"I suppose," continued the Commissioner, slowly, as one carefully pursues deductions from a new, stupendous theory, "not all of them are tow-headed. It would not be unreasonable, Mr. Ashe, I conjecture, to believe that a portion of them have brown, or even black, hair."

"Brown and black, sure," said Ashe; "also red."

"No doubt," said the Commissioner. "Well, I thank you for your courtesy in informing me, Mr. Ashe. I will not detain you any longer from your duties."

Later, in the afternoon, came Hamlin and Avery, big, handsome, genial, sauntering men,

clothed in white duck and low-cut shoes. They permeated the whole office with an aura of debonair prosperity. They passed among the clerks and left a wake of abbreviated given names and fat brown cigars.

These were the aristocracy of land-sharks, who went in for big things. Full of serene confidence in themselves, there was no corporation, no syndicate, no railroad company or attorney-general too big for them to tackle. The peculiar smoke of their rare, fat brown cigars was to be perceived in the sanctum of every department of state, in every committee-room of the Legislature, in every bank parlour and every private caucus-room in the state Capital.

Always pleasant, never in a hurry, in seeming to possess unlimited leisure, people wondered when they gave their attention to the many audacious enterprises in which they were known to be engaged.

By-and-by the two dropped carelessly into the Commis-

sioner's room and reclined lazily in the big leather-upholstered armchairs. They drawled a good-natured complaint of the weather, and Hamlin told the Commissioner an excellent story he had amassed that morning from the Secretary of State.

But the Commissioner knew why they were there. He had half-promised to render a decision that day upon their location.

READ THE ENDING TO-MORROW.

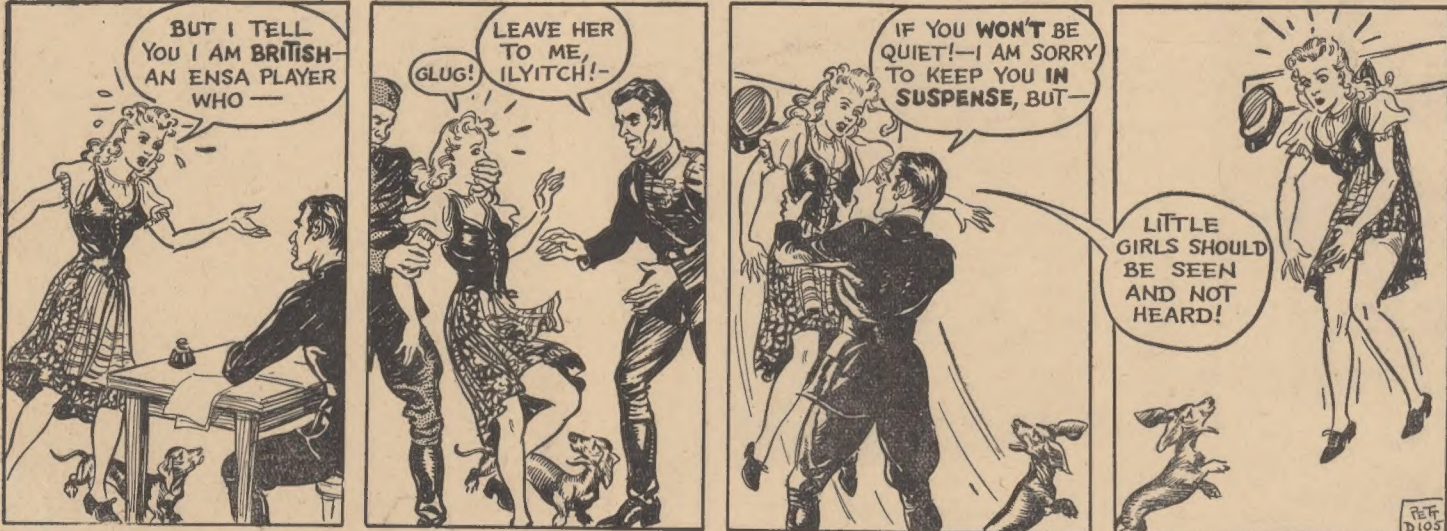
ALEX CRACKS

I like a nice girl who sticks to her knitting—but I prefer the shapely kind when the knitting sticks to her.

* * *

Two American detectives were chatting. "Did you get that old maid back unharmed from the kidnappers?" asked one.

"Not exactly. We had to get tough before she'd leave them."



The Things People Do

THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD Wilma Buchanan, of Tazwell, Tennessee, got married when she was ten years old. She is now seeking a divorce.

THERE'S a woman living in South Kensington who is one of the very few people who don't care a rap whether ration cards go on for ever, or whether those juicy rump steaks come back into circulation.

She doesn't use either. She eats grass!

Yes, when she feels a bit peckish—which is only once a day—she sits down to a nice basin-full of sward, plucked from the nearest bit of Kensington Gardens. In wintertime, when the Kensington grazing is liable to be a little short and tough, she varies the diet by gathering chick-weed from Clapham Common. And occasionally she bites into a swede (vegetable: not national), or has a carrot or orange.

Mrs. Barbara Moore-Pataleewa, a Russian girl, married to an Englishman, has been eating grass and chick-weed these ten years, and thrives on it. A blonde, with blue eyes, and well-built, she says she never feels tired or ill, and, barring accidents, reckons to live to 150—maybe, with luck, to 200 (Is it worth it?)

Well, she claims she enjoys her meals. "I eat chick-weed with the same relish as you would eat pineapple or melon," she says.

Makes you hungry to think of it.

RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE

Our famous Field Club was founded by the sports-master, Mr Dunne-Browne—a great character who betted freely with his pupils. Many a nimble shilling I've earned by forgin' forecasts in the 'Pink-un'...

D. 105

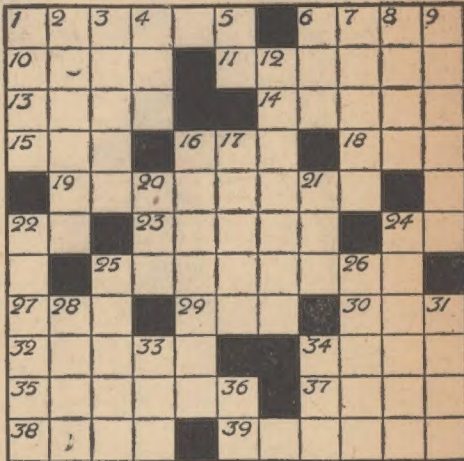


CLUES ACROSS.—1 Analysed closely. 6 Attitude. 10 Leg joint. 11 Disorderly chaps. 13 Doing nothing. 14 Creek. 15 Nothing. 16 Pointed tool. 18 Timid beast. 19 Athletic ones. 22 Thus. 23 Au revoir. 24 Time of day. 25 South of France. 27 Exercise. 29 Colour. 30 Edge. 32 Selective instinct. 34 Line of soldiers. 35 Of public revenue. 37 Afresh. 38 Scottish river. 39 Injunctions.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Peel. 2 Dye. 3 Wheel rim. 4 Golf mound. 5 Medical man. 6 Play on words. 7 Makes eyes. 8 Exhibit. 9 Regard. 12 Source of lubricant. 16 Small republic. 17 Forgo. 20 Spoil. 21 Fermenting-vat. 22 Crams. 24 O'd constable. 25 Pulse. 26 Backbone. 28 Casual error. 31 Livery stable. 33 Freezing. 34 Pet notion. 36 Look.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

FRANC HENNA
OAF ODOROUS
INFERIOR MS
S L MET BEE
TAUT TENORS
LEAD DATA
SINGER PALM
NET FOP N A
ON HILARITY
REPINES ZOO
TEASE STEER



Good Morning

ON THE ROCKS is Mary Anderson, Warner Bros.' starlet. It all looks mighty uncomfortable to us. But there, seeing that it happened in Hollywood, we would never be surprised to learn that it is peppermint rock with the name of the company running right through it—down to the last teeny-weeny little piece!



TREAD SOFTLY FOR YOU TREAD ON MY DREAMS—

This particular spot in the High Street at Edenbridge in Kent has been hallowed ground for four hundred years. For hasn't the Crown Inn dispensed malted liquors there during the whole of that time!



Wandering cameraman reaches Singapore and clicks his shutter at this high-class Chinese girl. He reports that every day she sits for hours on the sea-wall absorbed in her crochet work. So we may confidently expect developments.



Problem in Etiquette. Should a gentleman ever turn his back on a lady? Or conversely, should a real lady turn her head when a gentleman is taking a bath?



"On your left is a hippopotamus—front elevation. Notice the intelligent gleam in her large lustrous eyes, the delicately chiselled nose and the Cupid's bow mouth. Next slide please."



"Here we have the same hippopotamus—rear elevation. Her charms, viewed from this end, are, at bottom, too obvious to need any stressing by us."



OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"She nearly trod on me with her delicate little tootsie."

